

LIVING PICTURES OF "LUCKY" BALDWIN, LOTHARIO.

Love's Revenge Ever
by a Woman Upon the
Who Wronged Her.

Deception, Ruin and Prosperity, Staged
by the Sister of Lillian Ashley,
the Turfman's Victim.

The San Francisco principal is that he promise suits ybody else on

thought was Lillian Ashley to Baldwin. Lillian, a series of vicissitudes, old and new, the course

California law.

"She knew," swore the millionaire in his affidavit, "that my avowed devotion was a snare, and, knowing it, permitted herself to be snared."

As a further ground of defence "Lucky" Baldwin cheerfully declared that his general character had been so well advertised that no woman who had attained years of discretion could be deceived by any tale of love from him.

At the trial of the case old Baldwin brought some witnesses, who were broadly intimated to be in his pay, to prove that Miss Ashley was not the innocent girl she

posed to have compromised, and Fanny Verona Baldwin, with whom he compromised for \$25,000.

It was Fanny Verona who started the fashion of shooting at the old man for bringing living witnesses against her.

On the trial of her suit she testified that she was Baldwin's niece. After a particularly trying day in court she hunted him up at his hotel and fired a couple of shots at him, one of which went through his arm. Of course, she was acquitted. Any lady in San Francisco who feels called upon to practise pistol shooting is really quite at liberty to take old Baldwin for a target. They are always acquitted.

He hires his lawyers by the year, and they look after his branch of promises and kindred suits as retained attorneys take care of the routine litigation of corporations. Baldwin has said that he had not counted just how much he had had to pay because of his entanglements with women, but the total must be paralyzing. He is not so rich now, and his health is at last beginning to fail. His hair

ing stable scaled the fortune down a good deal, and some more holes were made in it by the expenses of his divorce. He had to give one wife a solid million dollars, and they all cost him considerable.

He has begun to fall. His hair



DISAPPOINTMENT

"No, not one cent."

This will show Lillian Ashley and her child, Beatrice Baldwin, at old "Lucky's" feet. The mother and child are in rags, begging. The millionaire is repulsing them and the legend to the picture is, "No, not one cent." The title of this picture is "Disappointment."

The third tableau is prophetic. Baldwin does not appear, though there will possibly be a painted background showing the old gentleman in his future home being deftly pitchforked by fiends. In the foreground a lawyer is reading a will, which makes Beatrice Anita Baldwin the heiress to the Baldwin fortune. The mother and child are there, well dressed and looking particularly cheerful. "She will inherit my millions" is the legend.

After this series Emma Ashley will pose as Ida in the "Glenmore Case," which, however, has nothing to do with "Lucky" Baldwin.

Old Baldwin continues to live at the hotel that bears his name. Everybody knows him, and everybody jokes him about the show at the Auditorium. He doesn't mind this, nor does he seem to care anything about the living pictures. It is not "Lucky" Baldwin's style to care much what anybody thinks about him.

However, there was one riding embarrasment. This was when Emma Ashley slipped behind him in the hotel the other day and, displaying the deers before his astonished old eyes, said to him, quietly: "Good morning, Mr. Baldwin; will you kindly take some tickets for your daughter's benefit? You ought to take \$20 or \$30 worth."

Baldwin told her to go away, and she told him that he ought to be ashamed of himself, a remark that Mr. Baldwin has probably heard before.

The list of the born ones who have enjoyed the old man's favor and tried to get his money is so long that probably "Lucky" Baldwin himself could not give the names of them all.

Those best remembered are Jennie Perkins, who got a \$75,000 judgment against him; Lulu Drum, with whom he is sup-

"She will inherit my millions."

Fanny Verona Baldwin promptly spent the \$25,000 the old man had given her and is now in an insane asylum in Southern California.

Baldwin is responsible for quite a number of California fashions. When the Judges have to dismiss the suits against him they always regret that the law gives no grip on the signory old sinner, and then they make up the rest of the court's decision by giving their own full, free and frank opinion of him. But "Lucky" Baldwin is long past the stage where it distresses him to hear even a judge say that he is infamous, depraved and an all-round disgrace.

His fortune was at one time reckoned to be about \$20,000,000, mostly made in the Comstock mines, where he was originally an ordinary \$48-a-day miner. A high-priced

away from his forehead, and his white mustache has almost all fallen out. But still he keeps his end up in the gayeties about the Baldwin bar, and the Baldwin is the fastest of the higher grade hotels in San Francisco.

He usually stands in the hotel doorway or at a window, and day after day San Francisco sees him there watching the women who pass on the sidewalk.

Everybody is waiting for him to die. When he does the California court will have a case besides which the fight over the \$40,000,000 of the late Senator Fair, which is now engaging their attention, will be a simple, easy process. At least, thirty widows and fifty children will try to get into the Baldwin pile.

It is not only for the fun of the fight, the Californians hope that it will come soon.

"I love you, Lillian; Oh, I love you!"

represented herself to be when he brought her to the lovely cottage at Santa Anita that has been the scene of most of his romances.

This testimony so excited Emma Ashley that she took a shot at old Baldwin in court, which unluckily only scarred his scalp. Emma Ashley was acquitted on the charge of attempting to murder Baldwin by an enthusiastic jury, five minutes after the case had been submitted to them. Lillian got no damages, and, under the California law, could not compel Baldwin to care for either her or the child.

Every other means of getting even having failed, Emma Ashley has come out with her living picture scheme. The performance is billed as a benefit for the child, and, as San Francisco is as familiar with

the old rascal's career as it is with its own history, she will probably do well.

The living pictures are to be three in number.

The first tableau is entitled "Devotion," and this legend is to be shown on a screen above it, "I love you, Lillian, oh, I love you."

Through hearing the story told so often in the courts, San Francisco is familiar with the miniature of "Lucky" Baldwin's lovelornness, and it will be an audience of competent critics that will judge the actor who makes up the familiar form of "Lucky" Baldwin. Lillian will, of course, be personated by Emma Ashley.

After the audience has been given a decent interval in which to applaud, the second tableau will be revealed.

Serviss
Tesla and Mars.

a Seventeenth Page.
could then be con-
tains by a significant
of the "taps" sent to
across the ether would
time in the endeavor
they could add two and
I as we could. But
have ascertained from
signals had been re-
could make a fair
scopes and their in-
research are as
have noticed that
the other outer
condition to be in-
solid globes like
Earth, Venus
bably could not
account of their
and lifeless in
how Venus, by
ion, gives evi-
dence. They
guilt to come
acts just men-
fulness to set-
them that it
aking Mars.
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observation,
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her of dis-
ers is the
signals

"three" and "four" were regularly trans-
mitted in them always in the same order.
Having already ascertained that there was
an intelligent purpose back of the signals
they would not many times have observed
this continual repetition of "three" fol-
lowed by "four" without casting about in
their minds for an explanation of its mean-
ing. Since they had received our answer-
ing signal, indicating that their own "taps"
had been noticed, they would know that we
must be as desirous as they themselves to
communicate our location in the solar sys-
tem. The very make-up of that system
fixes the number "three" as representative
of the Earth, and "four" as representative
of Mars. "Three" followed by "four," then,
would suggest to any mind acquainted with
the order of the planets and confronted with
the fact that the inhabitants of one of
those planets were trying to describe to
the inhabitants of another their position in
the system, that it must be planet No. 3
which was signalling planet No. 4.

Considerable time, it is true, might elapse
before this conviction would be forced
upon the minds of the Martians, but it
seems inevitable that they would eventually
arrive at it. Immediately they would sig-
nal "four-three" and we would reply
"three-four," which would be an exceed-
ingly brief but effective exchange of com-
pliments and just as good for all practical
purposes as though Mars had called out
across space:

"Hello! Earth, are you speaking?" and
the earth had replied:
"It's my voice you're hearing, Mars.
How are you?"

For a long time the inhabitants of the
two planets, thus happily united by a wire-
less telegraph, would find great satisfac-
tion and amusement in exchanging such

ideas and scraps of knowledge as could
be conveyed by means of numbers arrayed
in varying orders. But eventually they
would desire to substitute a telephone and
learn one another's language. With a
proper transmitter the word "one" could
be sent undistorted from the earth out into
the ether. Arrived at Mars a suitable re-
ceiver would transform it from electric
vibration back into sound again. At first
it would be meaningless to the Martians,
but we could quickly transmit its inter-
pretation by sending along with it by the
first used method the number "one." When
this operation had been repeated a
greater or less number of times its signifi-
cance would burst upon the Martian intel-
lect, and we can imagine the commotion
that would be produced in that planet by
the news, not only that a word from the
mouth of an inhabitant of the earth had
crossed the ether and made itself audible
in a Martian telephone, but that the mean-
ing of the word had been sent along with it.

"Hurrah! We shall learn to speak
Earthish!" would perhaps be the cry of all
the ambitious linguists of Mars.

In a similar manner the names of all
numbers, or as many as desired, might be
communicated to the Martians. Of course
it would be slow work, but then think of
the delight that both the teachers and the
learners would take in it.

Next, no doubt, we should wish to re-
verse the situation and become ourselves
learners. Our distant correspondents would
readily understand that such a desire must
be felt by us, and they would not be long
in communicating to us their words for
"one," "two," "three," etc.

How long a purely arithmetical cor-
respondence would satisfy the inhabitants

of the two worlds it is impossible to guess,
but eventually they would become desirous
of exchanging another class of ideas. Here,
however, a great difficulty would arise, be-
cause while the interpretation of a word
signifying a number could be given by
"taps" corresponding to its numerical
value, it would not be possible to trans-
late other words in so simple a manner.
Two words, however, could be explained
by symbols already used, viz: The word
"earth," followed by the figure "3," al-
ready identified with it in the earlier
stages of the communication between the
planets, and the word "Mars," interpreted
by the number "4." In a similar man-
ner the names of other planets could be com-
municated, and we, in turn, would learn
what is the name that the Martians give to
their own globe. Many other words might
in time be interchanged. For instance, the
sentence "Two and two equal four" could
be transmitted, and the words "two" and
"four," being already understood by the
Martians, and the operation indicated by
being also comprehended by them, the mean-
ing of "and" and "equal" would become
apparent.

But such a method might require cen-
turies of effort in order to exchange a few
hundred fundamental words in the lan-
guages of the two planets, while most ab-
stract terms and ideas probably could never
be interpreted in that way. Fortunately,
another application of electricity, already
made on the earth, might facilitate the in-
terchange of languages.

Several plans have been devised for
transmitting electrically figures or pictures
of objects. Such a system applied to com-
munications between the earth and Mars
would allow us to reproduce letters and
words on that planet accompanied tele-

phonetically by the sounds representing
them. But the form and sound of the
word "tree," for instance, would convey
no definite meaning to the Martians, un-
less the figure of a tree were also communi-
cated, as might be done by this system. Then,
if their trees resemble ours, they would in-
stantly comprehend the meaning of the
word. In this manner thousands of words
could be sent, both as written or printed,
and as spoken, each being accompanied by
a picture of the object intended. Of
course, whatever could thus be transmitted
to Mars could in like manner be received
from that planet, and so in the course of
time our zoologists would have a list of the
principal animals and birds on Mars, with
pictures of them, and the botanists a sim-
ilar list of plants, so that a direct com-
parison of the fauna and flora of two
planets, which are never nearer than about
35,000,000 miles to each other, could be
instituted.

But in the more abstract sciences the
interchange would be exceedingly difficult,
and in many cases, perhaps, impossible.
So, too, many abstract ideas might prove
to be impossible of communication across
the gulf of space, except as, in some cases,
they could be inferred by minds of superior
intelligence.

The electrical transmission of pictures
would possess one specially absorbing fea-
ture of interest. The Martians could send
us their portraits!

It would certainly prove a great shock
if, as we watched such a picture develop-
ing in the receiver, there should gradually
emerge an indescribable and unimaginable
monster, but the chances are very great
that that would not be the case and
that the intellectual inhabitants of Mars
would turn out to be as attractive in

form and features as we descendants of
Adam believe ourselves to be.

The difficulty of communicating the mean-
ing of abstract words would long delay
the interchange of ideas between Mars and
the earth, on such great and universally
interesting subjects as religion, love, philo-
sophy and politics. Here again, however,
the ability to transmit pictures would
eventually solve the difficulty, at least in
its more serious aspects. In the end a new
interplanetary language would thus be
evolved, a language which, in its written
form, would bear no little resemblance to
the hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt, speak-
ing primarily to the eye instead of to the
ear. And so, at length, it might become
possible for us to learn the inmost thoughts
of the inhabitants of another world.

Imagine the condition of things after a
million years of such intercourse! By
that time, we may suppose, the latest news
from Mars would form as important a
feature in our newspapers as the dispatches
from Europe do to-day. A war breaking
out between the inhabitants of two of the
red continents on Mars would be watched
with eager interest here. It might even
affect our stock market by booming the
business of the great Interplanetary Tele-
graph Company.

Every movement of the contending
armies, and every encounter of the oppos-
ing fleets (if Mars possesses water enough
to float a fleet) would, as far as possible,
be pictorially transmitted to the earth,
and the pictures would be instantly repro-
duced in the newspapers. Every school-
boy would get out his chart of Mars and
follow the triumphant march of the victor.
And when the war was over the Presi-
dent of the United States could transmit

his congratulations to the successful side
and his condolences to the losers. But
possibly the inhabitants of Mars are too
wise to make war any more.

But Mars and the earth are aged planets,
while Jupiter and Saturn are young ones,
not yet cooled off. Mars is proportionally
older than the earth. There is reason to
suspect that it has already partially
cooled up, and that large areas of its sur-
face have become uninhabitable. The chances
are, then, that Mars will, in a plane
sense, die long before the earth.

With the electric communication wires
being inaugurated, the earth's
the gradual disappearance of Mars to
inhabitants could be transmitted pho-
cally. It would be a sort of pre-
the ultimate fate of the earth. We
last the interplanetary language could
cease to work, and when signal no longer
be exchanged we should, end.
The career of Mars was at arm's it was
the wisdom we had acquired like seeds
tended inhabitants would be her and ma-
its life transplanted to another place
vigorous world. And then, Jupiter should
further into the future, if life before
cool off and become habitable, the Jovi-
earth had perished in its titanic with
might open up commune and our plan-
et and so, after we were gone, the accu-
had become a glacial dead life on Ma-
lated results of intelligence again on
and the earth would be yet young.
new planet, where life we fancies inspir-
Such are some of the possibilities of the possi-
by Mr. Tesla's suggestion. Perhaps
of interplanetary war will ever be
nothing more than a far, perhaps it will
of it; and yet, again, which will astound
birth to realities. ST. P. SERVISS